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EDITORIAL OPINIONS OF THE LEADING JOURNALS UPON CURRENT TOPICS—CONTINUED FROM SATURDAY EVENING TELEGRAPH.

Another Southern Cavalier.

From the Nation. Ex-Governor Perry, of South Carolina, is writing letters in the papers of his State loudly conjuring his fellow-citizens to vote against the Constitutional Convention called under the Reconstruction act, and singing the superiority of military government over any species of government in which negroes are allowed to share, and, in fact, talking in the wild, senseless, and usually unpractical way with which Southern statesmen have made the world so familiar. His last letter is an unusually good specimen of his style. After discussing the duties of Southern men from the "honorable" point of view, and showing that negroes must not be allowed to vote in South Carolina because the English Commonwealth of "1640," the French republics of 1792 and of 1848, and the Mexican republic of our own day, had all proved failures, he characteristically winds up with quoting a "spontaneous effusion of a spirited and patriotic heart" in the shape of a letter "from a noble lady of South Carolina."

This is the letter, and the whole of it:—"I believe I speak the feeling of at least every woman in South Carolina, when I warmly endorse your views, and each and every sentiment you express in your recently published letters. We pray you to continue your efforts to save us from such dishonor and such degradation, to which the pain of twenty violent deaths were preferable, and may Heaven aid you in recalling the sin due at least our State to a sense of what is due at least their race."

It will be seen that there is not much in it. In fact, there is nothing in it, except the assertion of one woman of South Carolina that all the other women agree with Governor Perry in his "views," and wish he would keep on expressing them. Nevertheless, it is quite evident that Mr. Perry believes that his staff may be made not only to do duty as an argument, but as a vindication of himself and his later performances; for, says he, "such patriotic and spirited sentiments from one lovely woman fully compensate me for all the criticism and abuse which have been heaped upon me." Now, this little touch, revealing the delight of a middle-aged politician at having some rather extravagant talk of his on a most momentous question approved in a rather silly letter by "one lovely woman," is the kind of thing which makes, and moderates men at the North and elsewhere, feel discouraged about the future of the Southern whites. With the best wish in the world to let bygones be bygones, one is puzzled to know how to deal with men to whom politics is so much an affair of sentiment, and so little an affair of hard common sense, and who seem to have always seemed to be the bulk of the Southern planters. We suppose it would be difficult to overestimate the extent to which they were seduced into ranting and railing in defense of slavery by the picturesque view of slave society, or the extent to which they were seduced into going to war by the notion that they were "cavaliers," and that it would be pretty to see "cavaliers" with long hair on horseback fighting Puritans on foot. There can hardly be a doubt that thousands of simpletons, old and young, were driven to the field by a thoroughly medieval sensitiveness to feminine censure or applause. But it caps the climax to find a grave, elderly man, when the fighting is all over, supporting an argument in defense of submission for an indefinite period to military government by quoting a little sentimental admission of himself and his doings from "one lovely woman."

When a man discusses politics in this frame of mind, it is very difficult to know how to take him or the community which he represents. The ordinary arguments used in political discussions are of little use in dealing with them. There is no use in talking of expediency to gentlemen who are striving to win female smiles, and whom "lovely women" are exhorting to die twenty violent deaths sooner than follow the recommendation of expediency in going to war, the slightest expediency is, or ought to be, the weightiest of all considerations in politics. There is no earthly way of making reconstruction pleasant to the South; there is no way of arranging the admission of negroes to political life that will prevent its being a bitter pill to nearly every Southern white. Nobody expects to follow the recommendation of expediency, but it has to be allowed. The alternative of such Southerners as do not like it is expatriation or suicide. To sit down as Governor Perry is doing, and whine and bellow against it, with the "lovely women" at his back, is not only not manly, it is silly.

We could understand Southern men seeking to avoid action under the Reconstruction act, and especially in South Carolina, where the negroes are in the majority, if there was the smallest chance that delay would change the situation. It is true that the act prescribes the retention of the Southern States under military government until the qualified majority choose to act; but then, supposing the other States act, as they are likely to do, no sensible man can suppose that South Carolina would be allowed by Congress to stay out in the cold for an indefinite period. Nothing can be surer than that, if the majority persisted in refusing to bring her in, the minority would be at last allowed to do so. The spectacle of a State governed permanently by a military force is one which the people of the North would not long endure.

But Mr. Perry acknowledges now that the majority in South Carolina is against him. He says the negro vote in all districts except one outnumber the whites, and his only hope of defeating the convention lies, he confesses, in the ignorance of the blacks. Many negroes in the interior, he thinks, will not have heard of the convention or know anything about it, and others will vote with their employers. But this is a defense which time and a very short time, too, is sure to remove. Let the convention be defeated now through negro ignorance or subservience, and we may be sure the radicals, both black and white, would double their efforts to enlighten them, so that in a very few months the issue would have to be tried over again, and the result would probably be very different. Mr. Perry and his friends would then find themselves dragged into the Union by the negroes, just as they now fear they may be, but the delay would have irritated everybody whose irritation is a necessary consequence, both blacks and whites. It would have confirmed the negroes in their growing hostility to their old masters, and would have justified the doubts and denunciations with which the extreme radicals of the North are now assailing the latter, so that Mr. Perry would be forced sorrowfully to confess that his last end was worse than his first.

We deprecate as much as anybody can do the course which Messrs. Stevens, Phillips, and others are pursuing at this moment. It would be difficult to find words strong enough

to characterize the performances of those who are trying to persuade the blacks that it is office or confiscation they are to seek through their votes, and not protection for the fruits of their industry. A more detestable sight than an educated orator preaching this lesson, and preaching nothing else, to this unfortunate race on their very entrance to freedom and civilization, we cannot well conceive of. We do not doubt that it is exercising a most injurious influence on the negroes, and on their account every good man ought to set his face against it.

But it is on their account alone that it is to be feared. Mr. Perry knows, and every Southern man of sense knows, that the plan of taking away white men's farms to give them to negroes finds no favor in Congress, or out of it amongst any sensible or influential member of the community. There is about as much real danger to Southern property from negro voting as there is from an invasion of St. Dominicans. If Mr. Perry and others like him would sit down and do a little thinking, instead of basking in the smiles of "lovely women," he would see this as plainly as we farther North, to whom "noble ladies" never say a word of approval. A wholesale or even very extensive confiscation of property by the majority in any State is never likely to take place, because the public sentiment of the other parts of the Union would forbid it, and would find means, we may be sure, of making itself felt. The one thing which is least likely to happen in our politics is the introduction or toleration anywhere of any practice shaking the security of property. Even in the wildest of our border communities a man may commit as many murders as he pleases, but if he takes to horse-stealing the people rise upon him. In fact, over-sensitiveness on this point is one of the great weaknesses of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Moreover, the negro population of the South will have always to rely on its natural increase for its growth, while the white population is swollen every year by an enormous immigration. Let it appear that political tranquillity is once restored in the South, and we may be sure that slavery being gone, the great and advancing tide, which is now eating every year farther and farther into the heart of the Western Wilderness, will begin to steal very rapidly into the Southern forests, and to swamp the black vote everywhere. There is not the ghost of a chance that in ten years there will be in any Southern State a black majority, and that the ballot will be of any use to the negro except to defend the fruits of his own toil. There is danger just now, however, that the negro may be led astray, and that his education in civilization may be led astray, by bad counsels, made bitterer and harder than it is. But there is no danger that Southern whites will have to pass through any heavier ordeal than they ought to expect, and than they really deserve.

What the South needs now is common sense, and the suppression of "lovely ladies" and blustering orators, and—more relevant to the "lovely women." A more malignant political influence than these same "lovely women" are now exercising all over the South is not to be found on the continent, but it is to be hoped that Southern men will get free from it. Politics, they must learn, is not a "tournament." The great problems of the science are not solved by tilting at rings under the eyes of Queens of Love and Beauty, but by the diligent study and right use of the common facts of life. The South is not an enchanted land; the negro is not a giant in a big castle, seizing white men, babies, and tender ladies, and making ragouts of them. So we have no longer any need of knights-errant, and the old Southern armor, the lance of vituperation, the shield of bombast, the helmet of rant, may be put into the local museum.

Americans in Paris.

From the Tribune. Voltaire and Beaumarchais, the one a stock-jobbing philosopher and the other a commercial playwright, may be considered as the true revolutionary prototypes of modern avidity in Paris. Any city which makes money out of its hospitality, will speedily come to regard all travellers in the true tavern-keeping spirit, and to adapt the warmth of his reception to the length of the lodger's purse. Imperial Rome long ago went into business upon a capital stock of antiquity, and, for several ages, it has continued to secure by mendacity whatever it could not extort by impudence.

"The people of Paris," says George in "The Vicar of Wakefield," "are much fonder of strangers that have money than of those that have wit. As I could not hear much of either, I was no great favorite." Why the pilgrims of to-day, who have been seduced through all the phases of the grand European tour, should vent their spleen upon America as the sharpening "shylock" of the nations, is a problem to be investigated by those who think it worth their while. Humanity, we venture to surmise, is much the same in all the four great quarters; and whoever is doomed to be flayed should, by all means, if he has any choice, repair to Paris, where he will be compassionately and artistically relieved of his cuticle. He may go further and be stripped more roughly.

There is one feature, however, of the news which reaches us from the French capital, which, we confess, fills us with patriotic grief. We could hear, we think, with equanimity of the peeling of Prussians and Russians, of Englishmen and Turks; but it irks us to be told that the thrifty shopmen, the lodging-letters, and the victuallers of Latetia are making a mere pittance of our golden American eagle. We are loath to believe that the misfortunes of the country have affected its prudential mind. We are tenacious, not of reputation for sordid cunning, but of that credit for judicious bargains which has been so long and so universally allowed us. When we hear of a Yankee who has been outwitted, we feel as the elder Weller did when Samuel, the boy of his careful culture, was bamboozled by the tearful Trotter. Alas! if the universal testimony is to be received, our Samuel upon his travels is no luckier than the gentleman who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho; while in these degenerate days, the priests and Levites lamentably outnumber the good Samaritans. They understand the Columbian proclivities in Paris, and they have taken their measures according to their knowledge. Newspaper correspondents announce that eight special restaurants have been provided for our occidental grinders; in six bar-rooms the national cook-tinkles and the ice-tinkles in the verdant juleps of the Free and the brave; there are meeting-houses for the clubs; there are milliners by the million, and tailors by the thousand, and diamond-dealers by the hundred, for those republicans who are attached to gorgeous raiment; there are picture-dealers who know our passion for the works of Pietro Perugino, and who have provided several cords of the canvas ascribed (by themselves) to that eminent master; while the very boys on the bridges anticipate a boot-blackening brilliancy of business and an influx of sous and centimes which a contest between our patent leathers and a Parisian mud will naturally and inevitably occasion.

We are far from believing that our countrymen will yield without a struggle to the numbing forces which will besiege their pocket-books; and in many a family circle the patriotic battle with the prodigal in politicians. In too many cases, however, he will be ignominiously defeated, not for the want of natural good judgment or acquired discretion, but because in an evil hour some libel-monger accused us of loving money too well, and of spending it with a sparing and a trembling hand. Since that time we have been practically refuting the charge by playing at ducks and drakes with our gold and our greenbacks, and have been buying at an enormous cost a character for liberality, which turns out, after all, to be only an unenviable notoriety for reckless expenditure and tasteless luxury. While we hold it to be disgraceful to be outbid, dishonorable to be out-bought, we are very blind to the imminent danger of being outwitted. It would be mortally to have Poor Richard with us in our transactional managements, although we owe all our power of profusion in Paris, and in his plain coat partook of many a little supper with the laced wits and the furbelowed beauties of a brilliant era—with the courtiers who found a new relish in his republican simplicity, and with philosophers who could never have enough of his conversation, and whom he would not harm for Americans in Paris to remember that they are the countrymen of Benjamin Franklin.

Political Parties—Time for Another "Era of Good Feeling." There was a halcyon period during the Presidency of James Monroe, which has always been known in our history as the "era of good feeling." It succeeded the great agitations connected with the admission of Missouri as a slave State into the Union. The true home-bred feelings of all the people resumed their ascendancy. All sectional and party dissensions were hushed, and merged into a broad and deep national spirit. Anger and denunciation gave place to hearty good-will and complaisance; distrust and gloom to universal confidence. The result was a decade of unexampled prosperity and progress.

What we now most of all need is another such epoch. All things invite us. The old superstition is true enough that only the rust of the spear can cure the wound its point has made; but already there is plenty of rust. The very delay of reconstruction for which so many good people have grieved, and so many bad ones sworn, has given us a great deal of time which has been very serviceable as an anodyne. Whoever is most responsible for this delay, whether President Johnson or the Southern people, the fact none the less remains that it has gradually, while we scarcely thought of it, assuaged the old ranklings, and prepared for the best kind of restoration. Instead of fearfulness for our present condition, we should have thankfulness; instead of curses, congratulations.

We have escaped fearful dangers, and are vastly better off, at this time, than we had any reason to expect. During the Rebellion every thoughtful man dreaded its sequel, more than its direct consequences. The danger in such civil conflicts there is a peculiar danger in the wild rage of the baffled storm, in the incalculable heavings of the after swell, and the tumultuous lashings of the cross seas. All can recall how near the liberated colonies came to going to the bottom after their revolution. Half of the annals of England are taken up with the fearful laborings of her ship of state after such a revolutionary crisis. It is even yet tossing violently, thirty years after such an insignificant affair as the Reform agitation.

The civil war we have passed through is the mightiest on modern record. Rightest for its interests involved, or its passions excited, for its forces engaged. The bare sight of it at a safe distance confounded the world. Every where the wisest and the coolest exclaimed with one voice that we must certainly go down. And all men now agree that the wonder is, not that we are still on an uneven keel, but that we are afloat at all; not that there is yet a heaving beneath us, but that there is the dimmest prospect of a smooth sea beyond us. Since the war is not over, it is a wonderful good fortune to open our hearts to every happy and benign, every trustful and magnanimous feeling.

We should rejoice and take heart, not only for dangers escaped, but for new advantages secured. We are forever rid of slavery, that hereditary curse which cankered and inflamed our whole system, and was apparently beyond remedy. We are forever rid of that mutual contempt between the two great sections of the country, which has been a perpetual source of unjust judgments, and perpetual stimulus to unfair dealing. Both sections have come out creditably from the sharpest of all earthly ordeals, and each has learned to respect the other. The desperate tug of war has brought out qualities on both sides little dreamed of before, and such as belong only to the very best stuff of humanity. In the face of the immense sacrifices of treasure and life made by the Northern people for the flag of the country, no Southern man can again mistake them for crouching worshippers of Mammon, or craven underlings. In the face of the fiery dash and iron endurance of the half-clad and half-fed Confederate regiments, no Northern man can again look upon his Southern countrymen as a Gascon breed, bereft of all manhood by self-conceit and self-indulgence, living only by brag, bravado, and bluster. The names of "fire-eaters" and "white trash" have been expunged forever from the Northern vocabulary, and never again shall we hear Southern lips hiss out the names of "land-slides." All such contemptuous terms have perished forever in the blaze of this war. They are as extinct as the gadfly which drove Icarus. We are entitled to expect hereafter, in the discussions between the sections, a style of speech comporting with natural respect and patriotic pride, and befitting the gravity of the interests committed to their care. In the old mood this was morally impossible. The contempt which, according to the Indian proverb, "pierces even the shell of the tortoise," cannot be fatal to anything like calm and fair deliberation.

That we may have another "era of good feeling," there must be a cessation, not only of sectional controversy but of party animosity. There is no good reason in the world why a bitter party spirit should be continued. "Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principles. We are the Republicans, all Federalists." So spoke President Jefferson in his first inaugural address at the close of one of the fiercest party struggles in our history. It is the true lesson of this day—a piece of pristine patriotism and wisdom never more needful than now. The war ended long ago—it is high time that the party feuds it excited should also have an end. Every one of the great questions connected with the war, whether military or civil, has vanished. For any practical purpose, not so much as the shadow of one of them remains. The old subjects of dispute have been swept under by the

stream of events, and been set at rest forever. We are now in a new era—an era in which the vital necessity is not conflict, but concord. Public affairs have all changed, both in element and in mode. To try to keep up the old forms and modes is preposterous in the literal meaning of the word, absurd in the order of time, substituting the last for the first. There is always a tendency in party divisions to continue themselves, long after the passing away of their original cause. Even in ordinary times we see it constantly illustrated how singularly hard a political party dies. This is especially apt to be the case after some desperate strain, like a civil war. The momentum then gathered will of itself suffice to keep years after the movement and party crises, much after the manner of the old apple-woman killed by the ice of the Thames, as celebrated by the English poet Gray:—"The crystal yields, she sinks, she dies; Her head, chapt off from her lost shoulders, Pippin! she cries; but death her voice condescends— Pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds."

It is pertinently remarked by Macaulay, "It is the nature of parties to retain their original enemies far more firmly than their original principles. During many years a generation of Whigs, whom Sidney would have regarded as slaves, continued to wage deadly war with a generation of Tories, whom Jeffrey would have hanged." Exactly so, in our case, party strife is kept under up names which have outlasted all their original significance. Jefferson's form of expression is completely applicable to our present situation. We are all conservatives—all radicals. All, of every name, agree that the Union must be preserved in every essential element. All are for rooting the last vestige of slavery from the land. Even the name Copperhead, which still lingers, is no longer appropriate, for there is nothing left of the old venom with which the war was opposed. There are no genuine Copperheads nowadays. They were too obnoxious to multiply. If a few of the original species still live, they have undergone a wonderful transformation, owing doubtless to the fire with which they were girt—they have cast off their skins, dropped their fangs, and are now seen engaged, like veritable silkworms, in spinning, or trying to spin, new ties for the Union. It may be that they will thus make some amends for their former ways. At all events, the effort is a good one, and, as such, it binds us to hold our hands from them until they have had a chance to do their best.

The President's Trip.

From the Tribune. In the brief journey to Raleigh, President Johnson and Secretary Seward deserve credit, not blame. Their temperate and timely speeches must have had good effect, and are in singular contrast to those made on the Presidential trip through the northwest. True, Mr. Johnson did not entirely escape criticism of the autobiographical portions of his address at Raleigh; but when we consider the provocation he has had, we cannot too highly commend his abstinence from censure of Congress and the policy of reconstruction. Since his previous speeches, he has had his vetoes thrust aside, has seen the validity of the laws he so bitterly opposed recognized by the Supreme Court, and in two of the five Military Districts has beheld the strict and uncompromising execution of the Reconstruction acts by the Generals in command. To him this triumph, in which so many rejoice, could not have been welcome. He cannot read the papers, receive official reports, or travel without meeting evidences of his unpopularity and the utter failure of his plans, and his visit to the South must have awakened feelings as bitter as those Lee or Johnson would feel should they be escorted by Grant or Sherman over the battle-fields where the Rebellion was defeated. Yet Mr. Johnson betrayed no feelings of resentment in any of his brief speeches, but confined himself to an expression of general wishes, which we cheerfully accept as sincere, for the perfect union of all the States, and the reconciliation of all classes. Mr. Seward was equally moderate in what little he said publicly. We rejoice in this apparent change of feeling, and if Mr. Johnson had continued his trip throughout the South in this spirit, it would have been very beneficial.

Corn and Wheat.

From the Tribune. It would be interesting to know how much corn is planted during these pleasant June days. Owing to the protracted wet weather, a large part of the corn-fields of the North have remained unplanted. But now, through a region a thousand miles long and the hundred broad, from daylight till dusk, the farmer improves the favorable hours to plant corn. Whatever the amount may be, it is certainly larger than ever was planted before. With the incentives of high prices, a real scarcity of grain, and the growing season before us, we may confidently expect a yield fully up to the average.

While the weather was so unfavorable for corn planting, it was highly favorable for wheat. During those wet, cold weeks the wheat plant grew very slowly, and, in protecting itself, it sent out new shoots which now, through all the fields, are rising to sight and adding to a stand which, by reason of the winter snows, was already good. This addition will add much to the crop. Had the season been warm, the plant would have grown rapidly, and been deprived of this increase. Hence, one sees that naturally a cold climate, giving a slow growth, and having a tendency to create a self-protecting sod, must in a series of years yield more wealth than a warm, rapidly maturing climate.

Thousands of sharp observers are noting these facts, for millions of dollars depend upon them. The prospect of bountiful harvests is having a powerful effect upon the market, and we are noting heavy declines. Other articles of food are also declining. These may be considered as sure signs of a speedy revival of trade.

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